

is empowered to make appointments to office, to fill many vacancies in the State, to appoint the members of the Corporation Commission and the various boards of the State Institutions. If I should be elected Governor, I would be controlled absolutely in the discharge of these duties by what I believe to be the best interest of the State and her people. I have made no promise to anyone for any position or appointment. I shall make none. If I am elected Governor of the State, I shall receive the office absolutely untrammelled, unpledged and under obligations alone to the people to discharge its duties in the best interest of the State and her people. All the work and responsibilities appertaining to the office of Governor, I would desire to be noted for my attentive and business-like administration of the office.

Great Opportunities.
I believe no State in the Union presents greater opportunities for business progress, material development and wealth than Virginia. Her shipping, water power and manufacturing capabilities, her immense mineral deposits, her extensive varied agricultural products, her unrivalled harbors and opportunities for foreign commerce, all constitute a rich heritage, which, only by capital and enterprise to make Virginia one of the foremost and most prosperous States in the Union.

If I should become the Chief Executive of the State, my most earnest efforts would be directed towards securing a combination of capital and enterprise, which would give Virginia the business activity and prosperity to which her natural resources and superior advantages justly entitle her. The time is opportune for the State to develop her general business enterprises, material development and industrial progress. To aid in this would be one of my chief efforts, should I be elected Governor. I would favor and seek to produce in the State a policy of progress and growth that would involve capital and enterprise to develop her various industries.

If a majority of my fellow Democrats should express by preference for me in the primary and make me the party's nominee, my very best efforts would be given to achieving a political and electoral victory at the election in November, and then I would receive this high office as a sacred trust to be administered for the benefit of the people of the State.

Very respectfully,
CLAUDE A. SWANSON.

January 7, 1905.

CITY AND COUNTY.

Warm Contests Expected for Legislature and Municipal Offices.

While politicians and aspirants for public office in the State are showing considerable activity, Richmond city and Henrico county promises to constitute the storm center, as has often been the case on similar occasions.

In the city, besides House members, and a senator, are city officials, save Mayor and Councilmen will be chosen.

For the Senate to fill out the unexpired term of Colonel George Wayne Anderson, who retires to run for Commonwealth's Attorney, there are two strong candidates. They are Charles J. Anderson, a member of the present House, and Police Commissioner George Ainslie. They are both popular, and the fight promises to be spirited.

Only three of the present House members will stand again. They are Messrs. Thomason, Kelley and Cox. General Anderson is out for the Senate, and Mr. Wallace for Commonwealth's Attorney.

The greatest race here will be for Commonwealth's Attorney. Judge Richmond will not stand again, but there are already nine candidates in the race. They are Colonel George Wayne Anderson, Hon. C. M. Wallace, Jr., Mr. Minette Folkes, Captain George D. Wise, Mr. John Howard, Captain Henderson Cary, Councilman Harry C. Glenn, Colonel B. O. James and Mr. George E. Wise.

So far, the only other city officer who has opposition, is Captain Frank W. Cunningham, City Collector. He is being opposed by former Councilman William A. Greenhaw, and both gentlemen are displaying considerable activity.

There is talk of opposition to Auditor Warren, and High Constable Carlson, but so far, it has not developed.

Cut in Henrico, the only local elections this fall will relate to the House and Senate. Hon. A. von N. Rosenberg will likely go back to the former body, but there is a great fight on for the Senate from the district which is composed of the counties of Henrico, Charles City, West Kent and James City and city of Williamsburg.

The only aspirants so far are Hon. Thomas W. Gardner, former member of the House, and former county Judge T. Ashby Wickham.

They are both active this early, and their respective friends have gone to work in dead earnest.

There may be more entries both in the city and county, but even if there should be no more, some very lively times are anticipated.

Capron Notes.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)
CAPRON, Va., January 7.—The small-pox scare in Capron has somewhat subsided. No new cases have appeared in the town recently. The quarantine affecting public travel has been removed. Citizens now can come and go at will.

The lumber men of G. W. Truitt & Co. have begun operations again. This is a large plant, operating over two hundred men. When it shuts down, business suffers a standstill here.

The snow which fell Tuesday night is rapidly disappearing. The wind, which has been blowing the holidays at home, is expected to leave for the Woman's College, Lynchburg, Va., to-day.

In Those Days.

S. B. Kiser, in the Chicago Record-Herald attempted a little joke the other day about the lack of Solomon, who lived before there were any department stores. Whereupon a religious correspondent sends word that there were department stores in Solomon's time as the fourteenth verse in the Mediator chapter of Job testifies: "All my appointed time will I wait, till my change come."

"77"
Cures Colds and
GRIP

Dr. Humphreys' "Seventy-seven" cures Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, La Grippe, Pains and Soreness in the Head, Chest and Back, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever.

Taken during their prevalence, precludes the system and prevents their invasion.

Taken early cuts them short promptly. Taken while suffering, a relief is speedily realized, while the continued use insures an entire cure.

"77" is a small vial of pleasant pellets that fits the vest pocket.

At Druggists, 25 cents, or mailed.

Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

THE Greatest Sale of All!

Every item here is made a bargain by its intrinsic value—its superiority of value. Our Overcoats have always been considered the standard of quality and construction, and now you are going to have the chance of buying any of our \$20, \$22.50 and \$23.50, and hundreds of our \$25 high-class Overgarments at

\$14.75 For the Choice

Every style is included—short, medium and long lengths, plain and fancy weaves, with and without belts, single and double-breasted.

A Feast For the Boys.

Suits, Overcoats, Reefers, Extra Trousers, at

One-half Their Original Price.

Our entire department has been gone through from stem to stern—every small and broken lot has been placed on separate tables, and we offer you the choice. TOMORROW at

Exactly One-Half Price.

Boys' Suits.

\$2.50 Suits reduced to.....\$1.25.
\$3.00 Suits reduced to.....\$1.50.
\$4.00 Suits reduced to.....\$2.00.
\$5.00 Suits reduced to.....\$2.50.
\$6.50 Suits reduced to.....\$3.25.
\$7.50 Suits reduced to.....\$3.75.

Boys' Overcoats

\$ 5.00 Overcoats reduced to \$2.50.
\$ 6.50 Overcoats reduced to \$3.25.
\$ 7.50 Overcoats reduced to \$3.75.
\$ 8.50 Overcoats reduced to \$4.25.
\$10.00 Overcoats reduced to \$5.00.
\$12.50 Overcoats reduced to \$6.25.

Boys' Reefers

\$ 5.00 Reefers reduced to.....\$2.50.
\$ 6.50 Reefers reduced to.....\$3.25.
\$ 7.50 Reefers reduced to.....\$3.75.
\$10.00 Reefers reduced to.....\$5.00.

Boys' Knee Pants

50c Pants reduced to.....25c.
75c Pants reduced to.....30c.
\$1.00 Pants reduced to.....50c.
\$1.50 Pants reduced to.....75c.

One lot of Boys' Vestee Suits, 3 to 8 years, were \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00—SPECIAL PRICE.

\$1.50

One lot of Boys' Three-Piece Suits, sizes 7 to 12 years, were \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$10.00—SPECIAL PRICE.

\$3.50

Gans-Rady Company.

SOCIETY IN GLOUCESTER.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

GLOUCESTER, C. H., Va., January 7.—From a social point of view, Gloucester, except for the children and younger set, was very quiet during the holidays, and now that most of the latter have returned to their respective schools and the holiday visitors to their homes, Gloucester will probably be very quiet during the rest of the winter.

On New Year's Day Dr. and Mrs. Wray Stewart Selden gave a family dinner. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Walker Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bantley, Mr. Edward Richardson, Mr. Jimmie Sinclair and Mr. Jack Sinclair. Other guests were Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Lee and Miss Mary Page Lee.

Dr. E. C. S. Tallaferra, of Norfolk, and Mr. W. C. L. Tallaferra, of Hampton, were the guests of the annual home-coming of the Tallaferra club, which met this year at Oak Point.

Miss Sally Tompkins, who has been visiting the Misses Gabb, of Newmarket, left Monday for Washington, Matthews, where she will be the guest of Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Lane.

Miss Sophy Taylor, who spent the holidays with Miss Hattie Ware, will return with the latter to their school in West Point on Saturday.

Miss Mattie Cove has returned to the Latin School in Baltimore; Misses Eleanor Watt, Ann Page, Ruth Miner, Lucy Robinson, Mary Coleman and Ellen Lee to the Normal School in Farmville; Mr. John W. C. Calvert to the Medford School in Richmond; William B. Lee, Jr., to the Episcopal High School, near Alexandria; and Ellis Cove Mahlon Benson and Fritz Jones to the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

The pupils of the Gloucester Academy and the Summerville Home School for Girls have returned to their respective schools.

Mr. A. W. Withers and Miss Ann Page Wetherill are in Richmond.

Miss Elizabeth Dimmock, who spent the holidays at Sherwood, has returned to Baltimore.

Mrs. Harace Jones, who spent some days at Timberneck, has returned to Portsmouth.

Miss Mary Nelson, who was also at Timberneck, returned to her home, The Cedars, near Richmond, on Friday.

Mr. Theodore Jaspi and Robert Perkins spent part of the Christmas at Dun-

THE LOCAL ALUMNI FEEL AFFRONTED

Athletic Association of University of Virginia Give Thanksgiving Game to Norfolk.

PARK SCHEME ABANDONED

Meeting of the Alumni on Monday to Take Proper Action.

The University of Virginia has lost a host of friends in Richmond by its action on Friday in deciding that the next Thanksgiving game shall be played in Norfolk.

There is a generally expressed opinion that Richmond has been badly treated by the athletic authorities at the University, and that the adverse verdict would not have been arrived at, had the student body taken part in the discussion.

The student body is in the same position as the Richmond public, for only the favored few amongst the students will be able to witness that annual Thanksgiving game. Norfolk is too far distant from Charlottesville for the rest to attend, and so the majority of the Richmond public will be shut out by the men at the University.

No hard words are heard regarding the part that Norfolk has played. The alumni here and their friends say that Norfolk had the right to use every fair endeavor to get the game, and that they used this endeavor in a sportsmanlike manner.

The various threats made by Norfolk Business Association are accredited by the Norfolk alumni, who went after the Thanksgiving game in a straight way and got it.

Different Opinion.

Very different is the opinion expressed regarding the action of the Athletic Committee, who were bound by every tie to Richmond.

Not only have the alumni in this city worked long and laboriously for the welfare of athletics, but they have actually succeeded in placing the annual game between North Carolina and Virginia on a firm financial basis.

From small beginnings in 1893 these annual games have assumed great athletic and social importance, and this state of affairs has been brought about by the energy and wisdom of the local alumni. Not only has the team and the Athletic Association been considered, but the "old boys" have every year bought out the Bijou Theatre and entertained the visiting student body from both universities.

Hospitality has been wide and generous, and every alumnus has vied with his fellow to do honor to the boys from his alma mater.

Like Arlington, the Athletic Association is desirous of new things, and so, forgetting the obligations that binds it with a hundred ties to Richmond, accepts the alluring lures that Norfolk offers.

A meeting of the Athletic Committee and the Executive Committee will be held in the office of President B. Randolph Wellford on Monday afternoon at 5 o'clock. It is hoped that all interested alumni will be present.

No Athletic Field.

The much-talked-of scheme of constructing an athletic field has been abandoned and the subscription papers have been destroyed.

Following is a record of games between Virginia and Carolina played Thanksgiving Days, since 1893:

Year	Score	Result
1892	30-18	Virginia won
1893	16-0	Virginia won
1894	34-0	Virginia won
1895	41-0	Virginia won
1896	48-0	Virginia won
1897	12-0	Virginia won
1898	2-6	Carolina won
1899	No game.	
1900	No game.	
1901	22-5	Virginia won
1902	31-10	Virginia won
1903	0-10	Carolina won
1904	12-11	Virginia won

WARM SPRINGS, VA.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

WARM SPRINGS, Va., January 7.—During the holidays a house party was given by Misses Corrie and Mary McClinton at their new and beautiful home, twenty miles east of this place. The party, which assembled on Christmas Eve, consisted of Miss Estelle Tucker, of Danville, Va.; Miss Minna Wilson, of Portsmouth, Va.; Miss Margaret Stephenson, of Warm Springs, Va.; Miss Hilda Morris, of Clifton Forge, Va.; the Misses Brazz, of Williamsburg, Va.; Dr. Thomas B. McClinton, of the United States Marine Hospital Service, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Charles P. McClinton, of New York City; Mr. H. H. Stephenson, Jr., of Monterey, Va.; Mr. B. W. McClinton, of New York City; Mr. J. J. Byrd, of Warm Springs, Va.; Mr. E. H. McClinton, of Monterey, Va.; Mr. A. H. McDannald, of Warm Springs, Va.; Dr. L. A. Brazz, of Covington, Va.; and Captain C. G. Byrd, of Port Defiance, Va.

The house, which has just been completed, and which is by far the handsomest residence in this county, was beautifully decorated with evergreens.

MR. AINSLIE PRAISED.

Mayor Is Sorry to Lose Him From the Police Board.

Mr. George Ainslie has retired from the Police Board, in order to run for the Senate, and the following correspondence has passed between himself and Mayor McCarthy on the subject:

January 5, 1905.
Hon. Carlton McCarthy, President Board of Police Commissioners, Richmond, Va.

Sir—I respectfully tender my resignation as a member of the Board of Police Commissioners of this city.

Very respectfully yours,
GEORGE AINSLIE.

The Mayor, the day following, acknowledged receipt of the resignation in the accompanying letter:

Office of the Mayor.
City Hall, Richmond, Va., Jan. 6, 1905.
George Ainslie, Esq., Room 21, Chamber of Commerce, Richmond, Va.

Dear Sir—Your resignation as a member of the Board of Police Commissioners I received this morning and will be forwarded to the board for its consideration. I will immediately notify the Council of the necessity for the election of a commissioner to fill your unexpired term.

Allow me to express to you my regret that one so active, intelligent and faithful is lost to the board and to this department of the city government, and to wish you health, happiness and prosperity in the New Year.

Yours very truly,
CARLTON MCCARTHY,
President Board of Police Commissioners, City of Richmond.

Dr. Evans at St. Paul's.
Rev. William B. Evans, rector of Monumental Church, will preach at St. Paul's Church this evening at 8 o'clock.

A CARD.

We would indeed be ungrateful if we did not convey to our friends and the public, an expression of our appreciation for the patronage with which they have favored us during the year just past. We promise even greater efforts to please during the coming year and wishing one and all an abundance of prosperity and happiness, beg to remain, very respectfully,

POLK MILLER DRUG CO.,
POLK MILLER CHILDREY CO.

THE IDEAL IN DAILY LIFE.

A TALK BY MR. CHARLES WAGNER.
(Copyright, 1905, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

It has more than once happened to me, in Alsatia, when the plain was covered with mist, to recognize by certain signs that there must be sunshine on Saint-Oddie or Champ-du-Peu. At hour later, I was treading sun-warm paths beneath the cloudless blue. The people of Geneva do the same thing when, saturated with the mists of Lake Leman, they climb the heights of the Salève. Nothing could be more beautiful. Slowly you emerge from the grey cloud, which has been growing more and more diaphanous, into the warm brightness of the sun and the spring. At your feet, like a milky sea, rolls the fog, making islands of the summits.

This spectacle is symbolical. It offers an image of what happens to men when leaving behind him the cold plains of reality, as he might leave a wintry scene, he makes for the regions of the ideal and forgets for a time that he is a prisoner, or rather, remembers for a time that he is free.

To dream, therefore, is not bad. What is bad is idle dreaming and spending one's life in that ethereal bath. Now there are people for whom the ideal is a perpetual summer holiday, in which contemplation takes the place altogether of action. It is the life of wonder and admiration, the sublime idleness of the heights, coupled with a sensitive shrinking from returning to ordinary conditions. That is frankly dangerous.

To dream is good. We must indulge in dreaming sometimes, call it to our assistance under the whip of brutal difficulties and necessities. It is a good spirit which suggests to us dreams of beauty, of a happier future. It is, on the contrary, an evil spirit which produces that sort of intoxication comparable to the effects of opium, the morbid and selfish oblivion of the actual world, and that vague cravelling of the imagination among its own nervous creations. That is no longer idealism, but a harmful phantasmagoria.

The ideal, as the word itself informs us, the old word handed down to us from the Greek thinkers, means the vision of that which should be.

It is the vision of a superior humanity, contemplated by the eyes of the spirit.

Let us own, that even in that form, it might sometimes be discouraging. We are not unacquainted with an idealism so abstract and exalted that it deprives us of all courage to attempt realizing it. Its champions see so far, and see so fair, that they are struck with impotence, as far as bringing about any practical result is involved. They are like those painters whose imaginations continually create pictures of fabulous beauty, and whose brushes, despairing of the unobtainable, have long lain asleep in the seizing the ideal.

We become infirm of purpose, we do nothing, because the road appears too magnificent to travel on our poor crutches. When real life shows too wholly different from the ideal, we resign ourselves to stagnate where we are. But that is again the result of an error. The true ideal could never produce such a disastrous effect; the true ideal is encouraging. The sculptor has before him his model, and, surpassing all models, has within him that interior model, of which any exterior one is but a faint copy. When he sets to work to incorporate his idea in the block of granite or marble, the difference between the block and the idea must not so unnerve his hand that he drops the ideal. He must, on the contrary, draw from the contrast between his idea and the block an especial courage, an especial impulse, which we call the creative impulse. This force takes possession of us as we consider, on the one hand, the material we have to work with, and, on the other, the idea we have to incorporate in it.

If the ideal presents itself to us under a shape at once sufficiently human and sufficiently divine, that is to say, under its double aspect of engaging and sublime, it becomes similar to those favorable winds which fill the sails of becalmed ships at sea, and sends them to their destinations. That inner enthusiasm which keeps us glad, which helps us constantly to recover our erectness after blows which have bowed us, to get upon our feet again after falls, is more necessary than daily bread. Man lives by the ideal.

Now the difficulty lies in the use of what is so great, so beautiful, so high and spiritual, with what is so low and apparently devoid of spirituality. I mean the ideal in life, and not only in life, but in daily life. I use the word purposely. The word daily suggests week days, work days, days without relief or recreation. For, we have week days, and we have Sunday. Sunday is quite another day from week days; and holidays are still a different matter. There is a Sunday mood, there is a holiday mood. After long experiencing the pleasant amiability of Sunday, and that gentle contagion of hope pervading the air on Sunday, there are those who find the mountain and the forest, the fields and the flowers, lovelier on that day than any other. There is something of the splendor of the ideal in the brightness of certain holidays. That Sunday in the mood of exceptional days should the ideal and the mood of exceptional days should be most astonishing to no one. Much more difficult it is to mingle the ideal with every-day life.

It is harder to give justice to reality than grace to a bear cub. Endless tasks are never devoid of greatness. Generous souls are braced for the struggle by obstacles. Let us be the attacking party, let us not capitulate at once. Shameful capitulation it is which promptly throws the axe-handle after the axe-head, and declares: "There is nothing to be done!"

The ideal, let me warn you, is not to be found like coal in a mine. Coal, or gold, if you prefer, or diamonds, if you are more exacting still, are to be found in great veins in particular places. You must happen upon the vein; there is none to be found elsewhere. But it is different with the ideal. It is nowhere and it is everywhere. The proof of which look for the man who has none in himself vainly looks for it in life.

Note this well: the ideal is within ourselves. There is no poetry where you have put none. Poetry is not in the air; it is in the mind; it is shown by man in things. If you have soul in yourself, you will find soul around you. If you have beauty, aspiration, in soul around you, you will find traces of these around you.

But if nothing of the ideal vibrates inside you, you will find nothing of it outside.

If you possess an ideal within you, set it up against reality, to shed light upon the latter, as you would carry a light into a dark place.

Treasures of ideal created in other souls can be transmitted to ours. The earth, with its sorrows, its wretchedness and ugliness, death and the grave, with their dark hues, have been modified by the human soul, creator of the ideal and of the light. Some of our brothers who have passed before us on the road which we tread in our turn, have shed light even upon the floor of the sepulchre. They have brought strength into weakness, and have found strange riches even in poverty. They have been able to say, beholding the mystery daily at work in their lives—to wit: the transformation of phenomena and circumstances by the mysterious and intimate force of the soul: "We are poor, but we make many rich."

And wherefore? Because they put their spirit into life, they breathed their soul into things, they set flaming in the darkness the sacred fire which burned within them. The most miserable objects, lighted by that fire of beauty, strength, love, reflected its flame;

and, similar to the extinguished stars, which the light of the sun transforms into torches of the night, their afflictions, because in them their soul was reflected, became beacon lights of the future.

If a woman says (and the sort who does is not altogether unknown), "I am not fond of housework; the soup-kettle is a dreadful bore; it is not interesting; it is not spiritual!" I am at once aware that she is thinking of the superficial thing, turnips without wings, work-hardened hands. Never can a soup-kettle be poetical; never can it look like a graceful amphora which the Oriental women of the Bible carried upon their shoulders or their heads.

But how can the soup-kettle help it? Is it the soup-kettle's part to become a poet, have an ideal? It is you, madam, who must put ideal into the soup-kettle? And when I say soup-kettle, I am thinking of all humble occupations, in themselves devoid of spirituality. . . . Let us suppose I am blacking boots; well, I must black them with a crumb of ideal. I shall do my work more cheerfully, and they will shine with a finer polish. If, let us say, I am brushing my clothes (I still do sometimes), what is to prevent my brushing them with feeling? We must put ideal into our occupations. Every act admits of an admixture of ideal, exactly as all meals admit of seasoning. We must put salt into the soup, ideal into life.

Review your memories. Remember the people who cannot be seen at work without the impulse seizing them, the broom out of their hands, or the hammer, or the spade and showing them how to use it. There are sorry workers of the sort among intellectuals as well as manual workers. Their attitude might discourage one from ever attempting to work. They appear all the time to be saying: "Why a stupid trade! My son shall certainly learn a different one!" Whereas others. . . . Oh, in their case just the opposite is seen. You watch them at work practicing trades you would not have chosen, with so much punctuality, devotion, good humor, energy, with such a sense of "the useful flight of days," that they impress you as great, and the desire arises to imitate them.

There you have the great, the divine secret of a rich, and even a happy life. When you see some one doing the same thing in such a way that you wish at once to be doing the same, halt. The opportunity is a rare one; do not miss it when it comes.

I sometimes go and sit with women of the people to learn of them. It is much harder to practice the ideal on the outskirts than in the central portions of the city. More courage is needed to bring about a little beauty a little charm, in a common room, a room which is used for every purpose, than in more favorable surroundings and with several persons to assist by their services.

To sustain and strengthen the fibre of the ideal, let it be recalled to our minds by a whole series of witnesses. Let our road, however hard it be, have as mile-stones all along it encouraging signs, marks which shall call us back to order, reminders, remembrances. When we are fainting and ready to relinquish the quest, let some signal restore our strength, saying: "Courage! forget not."

Let us put ideal into our manner of dressing, of arranging our house. Nothing more interesting, more artistic than that sort of sculptor practiced upon the frequently unyielding block of ordinary existence. And where it is not possible in one's dwelling to raise more than a very small monument indeed to the ideal, a flower in a glass of water, a beloved portrait, a picture embodying a comforting thought—that is still something, a protest, an affirmation of the will that life should become more beautiful, more righteous than it now is. Never say, "One must be rich to make one's life beautiful."

There is no need to buy at price of gold widely-quoted words.

The smallest twig serves as a perch for the bird, and the ideal lends only a point to fasten upon. You need not that the authors of the plays which most rouse our admiration for their greatness of soul, of action, their imperishable beauty, had very often no stage-setting for them. Their plays were performed upon bare planks. But those who listened were not troubled by the poverty of decoration, or the smoky lamps; they lived, suffered, hoped, with the heroes in the play.

The human soul is always equal to itself. The least sign can awaken in it a world. There are days when a simple knot of faded flowers can restore to life the whole past; when a tattered banner calls up the native land complete; when a word, a verse, opens a sunny breach into the upper world. That is what we must keep in mind.

One cannot easily encourage a man sufficiently to fortify himself with numerous helps to cultivate and increase his provision of ideal. Song, for instance, is an astonishing vehicle. There are songs one must know. Sing one must.

Oh, you say, "I have no voice."

I am not speaking of voice, I am speaking of song. Even if you could not listen to yourself, sing inside. If one's voice refuses, one can repeat beautiful songs, hearing their melody in the mind, while saying over the words. Yes, one must often sing inside, when the life outside would sooner incline one to weep.

Decidedly, there is one salvation only for man in the battle of life, it is to have a soul. Otherwise nothing can be made to work right. If the soul did not exist we should have to invent it.

You are taking up a profession. You have a vocation. Do not start out like seekers after gold, whose future depends upon a mine. Take a provision of ideal and practical courage. Look for difficulties. Be on your guard against the dangers to the spirit of the routine of vocations. And to prevent a vocation, whatever it may be